



OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES. NUMBER LXXXIX. A DIFT FOR MENTAL DYSPEPSIS, AND A CURE FOR HYPOCHONDRIA, HYPOCHONDRIA, OR ANY COMPLAINT OF A BY ORDER.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR. ALMANAC AND DIARY. SHORT METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE WEEK. October. Monday, 8.—Large arrival of Mechanics to work at the Navy Yard, and the other Government works.

ULTRA MARINE INTELLIGENCE

Everything Looking Blue

A Heavy Storm Throughout the Middle States.

Loss of the New Copperfastened Craft "My Policy."

The Crew on Short Rations for Several Days.

No Wreck Election of Anything Like It by the Oldest Inhabitant.

Full Particulars of the Storm.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.



WRECK OF THE "MY POLICY," AND UTTER DESPAIR OF THE "MAN AT THE WHEEL."

The heavy storm that passed over Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa last Tuesday day, had a very damaging effect on the various Craft that were caught out in it.

On the morning of Tuesday the sun rose bright as usual, but before noon it was evident that the bark My Policy, Captain Andrew Johnson, would either go under or else be dashed to pieces on the breakers.

The My Policy was very badly rigged, and ranked 11, and was copper fastened throughout. She was condemned as unseaworthy by the Government inspectors in the fore part of last summer, and should have been laid up then, but her captain insisted upon running her, notwithstanding her leaking badly in every trip she made.

The My Policy was built and launched at Washington, D. C., last April, and had a very stormy time of it ever since. At the laying

of the keel last March, the Secretary of the Navy was not invited to be present, the captain not being able to remember his name.

The captain has made several trips, but none of them have proved profitable to him. The first accident to the My Policy was, as before noticed, running into the tug Thad. Stevens, and after that, on a little pleasure excursion with a party of the captain's friends on the 23d of February, when she was caught in a little squall, which carried away her figure-head (a "duck"), also her foremast and mainmast.

This accident happened by the party being a little jolly, and a Philadelphia pilot by the name of Tom Florence being at the wheel, whose experience in navigating so large a craft was very limited. Putting into Port, they repaired the craft as well as they could, showing the "duck" overboard and getting the carpenter to rig up a jury mast, the invention of Mr. Stanbery, and she has sailed ever since with that imperfect rig.

She was always "down by the head," as the sailors have it, and steered very "wide," paying but little attention to her helm during a blow. The captain did better taying in Port than when under weigh. Her model was entirely original, with too much of the "rake" about her, and experienced nautical men, such as Stanton, Chase, Harlan, and others, always predicted that, whatever she might do in fair weather, she would never live in a storm, and the second Tuesday in October storms were looked for by many as resulting in the total wreck of the craft, unless the captain would discharge his crew and dismantle the ship.

But advice need be heeded, the result is as we lay before our readers to-day. Perhaps no craft that was ever built was ever run by any man against such overwhelming testimony, by competent judges, as to its utter unworthiness. And although well provisioned, and manned by picked men, and experienced ones, such as Randall, first mate, Seward, carpenter, Stanbery, rigger, Raymond, sailmaker, Welles, captain of the foretop, and others before the mast, she went down in spite of the best management, from the sole cause that she was rotten and unworthy.

We hope no more shallops of that build will ever again spread sail in these waters.

True, if important. The Washington correspondent of the Daily Bank Book has sent us privately to the Series Editor the following information:

WASHINGTON, October 10.—The President has just sent in to the Attorney-General the following questions, and requested that a response to them be returned in writing, in the Welsh language:

First. The names of the different States (spelled out in full) that have given Democratic majorities, and in favor of "My Policy;" also, the official figures of such majorities?

Secondly. As to the exact whereabouts of my old friend Raymond, and whether he has recovered from his distemper, occasioned by being poisoned by a noxious weed?

Thirdly. Whether, in the event of my death, my next of kin will be entitled to my Life Insurance in case the clerks of the Company have, from want of time or other causes, been "unable to make out my Policy?"

Fourthly. Whether, in the event of my not being re-elected, the Constitution could ever be recovered after my having left it in so many people's hands during my late trip to Chicago?

Fifthly. Whether the Philadelphia Post Office, and indeed all others in that State, are clear of the radicals; and if they are, why my friend Clymer has not sent me the official election returns of his State?

Sixthly. When will be the election for Mayor in Philadelphia? and do the citizens intend ever to have a Mayor, or are they going to dispense with one, as heretofore?

Seventhly. Whether the Constitution of Jefferson Davis suffers by being left in Fortress Monroe, and whether it would be safe to leave it in the hands of Judge Underwood?

Eighthly. Do you think it would be a Congress such as the Constitution requires without any Democrats in it, and if the next Congress should assemble without a Democrat, would it be safe to leave myself in their hands?

Upon the reply that may be made by the Attorney-General to the above, the President will take his stand, and break it into bits, including the wash-bowl and pitcher.

HEAD CENTRE STEPHENS HAS TURNED UP IN CHICAGO.—"Westward the Star of Fenianism takes its way."

Answers to Correspondents.

J. R.—Many close parodies have been done on that Elegy of Gray's; but you don't go near enough even to graze.

A. S. S.—"Epitaph on a Donkey" declined, with thanks. We cannot allow you to gather posthumous bays in our columns.

Richmond writes to us twice a week, and thinks he ought to succeed because of his perseverance. Has he never heard of the Judge, who told the Jury, anxious to go out for some refreshments, that "the longer they sat there the sooner they would be discharged?" We can assure him the less frequently he sends copy the oftener it is likely to be put in.

Clear-Sighted.—We have two objections to your copy. First, you make a joke of a murder; and second, you make a murder of a joke.

THE "FALL" OF THE YEAR.

The Canucks are beginning to take to the American national game. A match was played in Hamilton last week between clubs of "East" and "West." Six towns were represented. "East" won the match.

An accident occurred at the State Fair in Chicago last week. The roof of a refreshment stand gave way, and fell inward. The leg of one man was broken, and several other persons were more or less injured.

THE PRURIENT PRUDE.

Letter from Charles Reade Concerning the Editor of the Evening Telegraph.

Sir:—There is a kind of hypocrite that has never been effectually exposed for want of an expressive name. I beg to supply that defect in our language, and introduce to mankind the "Prurient Prude." Modesty in man or woman shows itself by a certain slowness to put a foul construction on things, and also by unobtrusively shunning indecent matters and discussions. The "Prurient Prude," on the contrary, likes to attract attention by a parade of modesty (which is the mild form of the disease), or even by rashly accusing others of immodesty (and this is the noxious form).

"Doctor Johnson," said a lady, "what I admire in your dictionary is that you have inserted no improper words." "What! you looked for them, madam?" said the Doctor. Here was a "Prurient Prude" that would have taken in an ordinary lexicographer. The wicked kind of "Prurient Prude" has committed great ravages in our English railways, where the carriages, you must know, are small and seldom filled. Respectable men found themselves alone with a shy-looking female, addressed a civil remark, and were accused at the end of the journey of attempting her virtue, and punished unjustly, or else had to buy her off, till at last, as I learn from an article in the Saturday Review, many worthy men refused to sit in carriages, and there was a woman only, such terror had the "Prurient Prude" inspired in many breasts. The last of these heroines, however, came to grief; her victim showed sign of being a Londoner, and set the police on her. She proved to be, as my one victim repeatedly told me, a woman of remarkable loose morals, and she is at this moment expiating her three P's—Prudery, Prurience, and Perjury—in one of Her Majesty's gaols.

Some years ago an English baronet was nearly ruined and separated from his wife by one of these ladies. He was from the country, and by force of habit made his toilet nearer the window than a Londoner would. A "Prurient Prude" lurked opposite, and watched him repeatedly, which is just what no modest woman would have done once, and interpreting each unguarded action by the light of her own foul imagination, she brought a criminal charge against the poor soul. The charge fell to the ground the moment it was sifted; but, in the meantime, what agony had the "Prurient Prude" inflicted on an innocent family!

Unfortunately, the "Prurient Prude" is not confined to the female sex, and is not to be found among men of masculine pursuits; but it exists among writers. Example:—A divorce case, unfit for publication, is reported by all the English journals. Next day, instead of being allowed to die, it is renewed in a leader. The writer of this leader beams by comparing of the courts of law for giving publicity to—Fifth.—(N. B. The ridiculous misuse of this term, where not a crime, but a mark, and the invariable sign of a dirty mind, and marks the "Prurient Prude.") After this flourish of prudery, Prurience goes with gusto into the details which he had just said were unfit for publication. Take your file of English journals, and you will soon lay your hands on this vermin of the "Prurient Prude." A harmless little humbug enough.

But, as among women, so among writers, the "Prurient Prude" becomes a less transparent and more dangerous impostor, when, straggling in the shelter of the anonymous, which hides from the public his own dissolute life and obscene conversation, he reads his neighbor by the light of his own corrupt imagination, and so his prurient prudery takes the form of slander, or, at times, assassinating the fair fame of his moral, intellectual, and social superior.

Now the five or six "Prurient Prudes" who defile the American press have lately selected me, of all persons, for their victim. They are trying hard to make the American public believe two monstrous falsehoods—first, that they are pure-minded men; secondly, that I am an impure writer.

Of course, if these five or six "Prurient Prudes" had the courage to do as I do, sign their names to their personalities, their names and their characters would be all the defense I should need. But, by withholding their names, and putting the same weight to their statements that an honest man gives by appending his signature, and compel me out of respect to the American public, whose esteem I value, to depart from the usual practice of authors in my position, and to honor mere literary vermin with a reply. The case, then, stands thus. I have produced a story called "Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy." This story has, ever since December, 1865, floated the Argoey, an English periodical, and has been copied in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly. In this tale I have to deal, as an artist and a scholar, with the very period Henry Fielding has described—to the satisfaction of Prurient Prudes; a period in which manners and speech were somewhat blunter than now-a-days; and I have to portray a great and terrible passion, Jealousy, and show its manifold consequences, of which even Bigamy (in my story) is one, and that without any violation of probability. Then I proceed to show the misery inflicted on three persons by bigamy, which I denounce as a crime. In my double character of moralist and artist, I present not the delusive shadow of bigamy, but its substance. The consequence is, that instead of shedding a mild lustre over bigamy, all my readers with a horror of bigamy, and a wholesome indignation against my principal male character, so far as I have shown him. Of course "Griffith Gaunt," like "Hard Cash," is not a child's tale, nor a little girl's book; it is an ambitious story, in which I present the great passions that poets have sung with applause in all ages; it is not a bouquet of papp; but I am not paid the price of papp. By the very nature of my business, I have been compelled now and then to tread on delicate grounds; but I have trodden lightly and passed on swiftly, and so will all the pure-minded men and women who read me. No really modest woman will ever suffer any harm by reading "Griffith Gaunt," unless indeed she turns to its perusal, unsexed, and filled with prurient curiosity, by the foul interpretations of the "Prurient Prudes." Then come a handful of scribblers, whose lives are loose and whose conversation obscene. They take my text, and read it, not by its own light, but by the light of their own foul imaginations; and having so defiled it, by mixing their own filthy minds with it, they sit in judgment on the compound. To these impostors I say no more. The two words, "Prurient Prude," will soon run round the Union, and render its citizens somewhat less gullible by that class of impostors. One person, however, has slandered me so maliciously and so busily, that I am compelled to notice him individually, the more so as I am about to sue an English weekly for merely quoting him. The editor of a New York weekly called the Round Table has printed a mass of scurrilous, direct and vicious, and to this purpose:

1. That "Griffith Gaunt" is an indecent publication. 2. That it is immoral. 3. That, like other novelists, the author deals in adultery, bigamy, and nameless social crimes. 4. But that, unlike the majority of my predecessors, I side with the crimes I depict. 5. That the modesty and purity of women cannot survive the perusal of "Griffith Gaunt." 6. That this story was declined by some of the lowest sensational weekly papers of New York, on the ground that they did not dare to undertake its publication. 7. Passing from personal to vicarious slander, he prints the letter of an annual calling itself G. S. H., who suggests that some interior writer wrote "Griffith Gaunt," and that I lent my name to it for a foreign market, and so he and I combined to swindle the Boston publishers—this, in England, we call felony.

Now, sir, I have often known some obscure dunce, who had the advantage of concealing his nameless name, treat an esteemed author with lofty contempt in the columns of a journal, and call his masterpiece a sorry production. I myself am well accustomed to that sort of injustice and insolence from scribblers, who could not write my smallest chapter to save their carcasses from the gallows, and their souls from premature damnation. But the spite and vanity of our inferiors in the great, profound, and difficult art of writing is generally satisfied by calling us dunces, and bunglers, and coxcombs, and that sort of thing.

In all my experience I never knew the press guilty of such a crime as the editor of the Round Table has committed. It is a deliberate attempt to assassinate the moral character of an author and a gentleman, and to stab the ladies of his own family to the heart, under pretense of protecting the women of a nation from the demoralizing influence of his pen.

You will see at once that I could not hold any communication with the Round Table or its editor, and I must, therefore, trust to American justice and generosity, and ask leave to be distinguished by the honorable title of "Prurient Prude." In answer to statements 1, 2, 4, and 5, I pledge the honor of a gentleman that they are deliberate and intentional falsehoods, and I undertake to prove this before twelve honest American citizens, sworn to do justice between man and man.

As to No. 3, I really scarce know what my slanderer means. "Griffith Gaunt," under a delusion, commits bigamy; and of course bigamy may be slighted by persons of terms, but not adultery. But no truthful person, attacking character, would apply both terms to a single act. Is bigamy more than polygamy? And is polygamy called that, and adultery too, in every district of the huge continent of Europe?

As to "the nameless social crimes," what does the best man? Did he find these in his own foul imagination, or did he find them in my text? It was in the latter, of course he caught them for it, all the worse for him. If he has hitherto stolen my works, as to whether they would like to buy a story of me, instead of stealing it, I consent to this preliminary question being put, and I don't know what they replied to me, but I am sure they would have bought, where they had formed a habit of stealing, was distasteful to them. But this you may rely on, that I never submit a line of manuscript to the judgment of any trader whatever, either in England or in America, and never will. Nothing is ever discussed between a trader and me except the bulk and the price. The price is sometimes a high one; but always a fair one, founded on my sales. If he has not the courage to pay for it, all the worse for him. If he has the bargain is signed, and then, and not till then, he sees the copy.

I never trusted a line of "Griffith Gaunt" to an agent. I never sent a line of it across the Atlantic to any human being, except to the firm of Ticknor & Fields; and even to that respectable firm, one of the partners in which is my valued friend, I did not send a line of it until they had purchased of me the right to publish it in the United States. And this purchase was made on the basis of an old standing agreement. Compare these facts with the impression a miserable prevaricator has sought to create, to wit, that the proprietor of some low journal was allowed to read the manuscript of unpublished sheets of "Griffith Gaunt," and decided it on the score of morality. Statement 7, which accuses me of a literary felony, is a deliberate, intentional falsehood. The Argoey is sold in New York, in great numbers, price sixpence. The editor of the Round Table is aware of this, and has seen "Griffith Gaunt" in it, with my name attached; yet he was so bent on slandering me, by hook or by crook, that he printed the letters "G. S. H." without contradiction, and so turned the conjecture of a mere fool into a libel and a lie. I shall only add that I can do no more to defend the legal inquiry, I earnestly request my friends in the United States to let me know who the editor of the Round Table is, and all about him, so that we may meet on fair terms before the jury.

All editors of American journals who have any justice, fair play, or common humanity to spare to an injured stranger, will print this letter, in which one man defends himself against many; and will be good enough to accept my thanks for the same in this writing.

CHARLES READE. No. 5 Albert-terrace, Hyde Park, London, P. S.—I demand as my right the undivided honor of all the insults that have been misdirected against Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. These gentlemen have had no alternative but to bow to slander, or to continue "Griffith Gaunt" in the Atlantic Monthly, without breaking faith with me, and driving their subscribers to the Argoey. The whole credit and discredit of "Griffith Gaunt," my masterpiece, belongs to me, its sole author and original vendor.

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